Daddy Wanted

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Daddy Wanted

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Markus hasn't always been a great father, maybe he can be a good daddy?

Notes

Words used for Adam - clit, cock, cunt, pussy, boy pussy, hole.

Daddy Wanted 25
12 miles away
About Me
Bratty bottom looking for a daddy to keep me in line.
Trans but not your fetish <3
AO3: TigerPrawn

Ironically, it was the title of the profile that made Markus click on it. *Daddy Wanted.*

He was trying every day to be better, but he'd been such a shit father to Mathilde that the thought of being able to get something right appealed to him.

He could get sex right. And he wanted it. He wanted it so badly.

He'd not slept with anyone but his wife since they were young, and now over three years after her passing, he missed it. He wanted to fuck. He wanted to feel something other than his own hand. Even buying a fleshlight was looking tempting.

It was that thought, and the lack of desire for anything more than sex, that had landed him on Tinder. It was a slip of the finger when trying to hastily set up his profile though that had resulted in him receiving matches for both men and women. And so far he'd been swiping off

the men, just ignoring them and thinking he'd try and figure out later how to change it to just women.

But then he saw that profile: Daddy Wanted.

The profile picture was an attractive, dark haired young man with curls almost down to his shoulders, and a mischievous smile. He looked young. Not as young as Mathilde, but certainly too young for Markus.

Is he too young if it's just sex?

What am I even thinking?

Markus shook his head and put his phone down - though he may have been careful not to swipe one way or the other as he did so.

"I'm not gay," he growled aloud, as though saying the words would make them more real.

He wasn't. He knew he wasn't. He was attracted to women. But that didn't mean he'd never known men to be attractive.

He'd been in the military most of his adult life, surrounded mostly by men. Was he blind? No, he could see when a man was attractive or not. That didn't mean *he* found them attractive. Didn't mean he wanted to fuck them.

Markus cleared his throat and a rough sound came out. It was Mathilde's voice he had in his head then - *You settled down so young, how do you know what you might like? Who you might like to spend time with.*

He growled again and stood up from the kitchen table, setting to washing the dishes. She'd been on at him to start dating. She felt that he'd stalled in his grief and needed to focus on the future. He would have been surprised, given how much she loved her mother, but it was just another sign of her maturity. She felt it was time for him to move on, just as she was learning to.

Markus washed the dishes more aggressively than necessary, soaking his t-shirt in soap water. He put everything in the rack, drained the sink and dried his hands.

Then he stared at his phone, black screen up and facing him. Waiting for him.

With a huff he picked it back up and unlocked it, finding the profile still there, open on the screen.

He swiped.

*

DW: You certainly are a daddy!

M: meet up?

DW: Absolutely. You been with a trans guy before?

M: No

DW: Well, it will be my absolute pleasure to be your first.

M: Just sex.

DW: Whatever you want, daddy.

*

Adam wasn't sure what to expect from this.

Sex, no strings, as always, that was a given. That was what his profile clearly stated. But this guy had never been with a man before, never been with a trans man, and came across in his messages very blunt and rigid. If it wasn't for the fact that he looked so fucking *daddy*, Adam wouldn't have swiped on him.

He had a cropped haircut but thick beard, and his profile picture - not the most flattering - showed he was well built and in shape. He was exactly Adam's type, so he'd jumped at the chance to meet up. But he really wasn't sure if the man would show. And if he did? Would it be awkward? Would he be as one word in his answers as he had been online?

Adam already had a drink when the man came in and spotted him immediately. He expected the man - Markus - to grab a drink of his own but instead he bee-lined to Adam and dropped into the seat opposite. He looked agitated, almost uncomfortable.

"Shall we get out of here?" Adam asked, sure that if they didn't leave together immediately, Markus might just bolt. Markus grunted and was immediately back on his feet, leaving Adam to down the rest of his pint before quickly following.

"My place?" Adam asked, catching up with Markus and nodding his head to the left to indicate the way they needed to go. Markus grunted again and fell into step with Adam.

"Don't do this often, huh?" Adam asked with a smile.

"I didn't have much luck. You're the only person I've met up with."

Adam chuckled, "probably the one word responses. You're difficult to talk to, difficult to get to know."

Markus huffed, his brow knitting, "Don't need to know each other to fuck."

Adam shook his head as he chuckled again, "True, but some conversation is customary. And it's not your strong suit - conversation, communication."

"And yet you've met with me," Markus sounded a little defensive, so Adam replied honestly.

“I knew I wanted you to fuck me the moment I saw your photo, you’re lack of communication didn’t put me off.”

He could feel Markus’ eyes on him as they walked, he glanced across just as they slipped down to his ass.

Markus wasn’t a man of many words, but Adam was pretty sure they wouldn’t be doing much talking.

*

Adam’s apartment was small and sparse, and something about that made Markus feel comforted. If it had been full of things, full of personality, then this might have been difficult. If it felt too homely it would have reminded him of Emma. Of the home he once had, there to come back to when each tour was over.

They should have gone to a hotel, neutral ground, but that felt too clandestine.

He wasn’t cheating on Emma, he reminded himself as he sat on the couch and watched Adam undress, slowly peeling off his clothes.

Markus had never been rough with Emma. They’d been passionate and what she would call “hot and heavy” at times. But he’d always had sex with her, made love with her, he’d never fucked her. He’d never wanted to be like that with her because she had never really liked his being in the military. She’d never really liked that side of him, it was something she had put up with.

But now, thinking about being with a man. A man could take it if he was rough. That thought made him so hard he clenched his jaw.

“Tense, daddy?” Adam asked as he stepped forward, only in his boxer shorts now. No bulge, Markus observed, his mouth watering.

Markus worked his jaw and tried to loosen up, he shook his head. “What’s this daddy thing about, anyway?” Markus asked as rubbed his hands down his thighs, growing harder as Adam climbed over him, straddling him but not lowering himself down.

“Don’t worry, I don’t have daddy issues,” Adam grinned, “I just like older men, hairy, butch older men who make me feel small and protected.”

“Oh,” Was all Markus could say to that. He wasn’t entirely sure how to feel about how much he liked Adam calling him daddy. How he wanted to feel big and protective.

“Let’s go at your pace,” Adam said softly, pulling Markus’ hands up to his ass as he lowered himself down to grind against him.

Markus didn’t think he could get any harder until Adam began kissing at his throat, rubbing his stubble where Markus could feel it. And he felt it - all the way down to his balls. It made every nerve in his body feel like it was on fire, just feeling the press of a masculine body against his own. He needed more. He needed everything.

*

Adam kissed slowly and softly at Markus' neck, feeling him tremble beneath him, his hands tightening their grip on his ass cheeks.

It wasn't until he pulled back and pressed his lips to Markus' that Markus seemed to fully engage. A moment later and he was kissing back hungrily, in a biting, devouring kiss that made Adam wet.

When Adam moaned into the kiss, Markus let out a sound that was barely human.

Before he could even register what was happening, Adam was being lifted, as though he weighed nothing. Firm hands under his ass as Markus stood and turned them.

Markus' mouth was on his again, another fierce kiss as Adam's back hit the couch and rough hands pulled down his boxers, pulling them off and tossing them aside so roughly that he felt the burn of them down his skin.

"Yes," Adam managed the word between kisses, spreading his legs so that Markus could settle between them.

"Say it," Markus growled at him, the fingers on one hand digging into his thigh, his other arm next to Adam's head, propping himself up.

"Yes… daddy…" Adam looked right in his eyes as he said it, something hard and dark there, something that would have been terrifying in any other situation.

"Fuck," Markus bit out the word and then his mouth was on Adam's neck, biting and sucking as his beard scratched Adam's soft skin.

Still clothed, the crotch of his cargo pants rubbed against Adam, making him harder and wetter.

"Please daddy, fuck me…" Adam begged as he clawed at Markus' t-shirt.

His mouth only left Adam's skin long enough for them to pull the shirt over his head. Adam's hands went straight to his chest, feeling the coarse hair there, burying his fingers in it. He really was a magnificent daddy - everything Adam wanted in a man.

He pulled at Markus' nipples, pinched them until Markus winced and pulled back, this time his hands quickly going to his belt. Adam looked down to watch him free himself and finally see the thickness that had been pressed against him.

Markus was big, thick. Uncut. He made Adam's mouth water as he begged again, "fuck me, please…"

*

Markus was ravenous. He'd never felt such unbridled lust before in his life.

He had to be inside Adam. Had to make that happen.

“Where… in your ass?” Markus asked. He was on his haunches, cock in hand as he looked down at where Adam was spread. He had a pretty cunt between his legs, a huge clit - a cock, he supposed. And he was so wet. Markus wanted to just plunge into him, but he hadn’t known what to expect. After their initial messages Markus had googled plenty with the safe search function off, but he hadn’t known what Adam would have between his legs or what he liked.

But then Adam shook his head, “Not today. Fuck my pussy, okay? You’ll love it--” Adam stretched out, arching his back as he grinned up at Markus “--boy pussy is the best, I promise.”

Markus’ mouth was dry, his cock throbbing in his hand. He wanted to push inside the boy, he needed to.

“Condom?” The word came out as a husky growl and he saw how it made Adam shiver.

“Pocket,” Adam reached towards his jeans and Markus moved quickly to grab them from the floor. Within moments he had a condom out and he was back in his previous position, ripping it open with his teeth and rolling it on.

Adam hummed, watching Markus as he slipped his hand between his legs and ran his fingers through the wetness there. It was mesmerising, as the boy spread his juices from his hole up to his cock and back again.

“So wet for you already, daddy,” the words came out as a tease. Adam knew exactly what he was doing to him, that was so very clear. And he didn’t plan to hold back any longer.

Markus spat down onto his cock, used his hand to spread his own moisture, before he moved back between Adam’s legs.

He pushed inside as he took Adam’s mouth again, groaning at the sensation as Adam clenched around him.

“Fuck, yes.” Adam muttered his hands immediately on Markus again, clinging to him, digging into his back.

Markus pressed his forehead to Adam’s and began to move.

*

Adam couldn’t stop trembling, shuddering. Markus felt so good inside him.

Adam had been with his fair share of daddies, but there was something different about Markus. There was a strange innocence to him, this being his first time with a man. But there was also that hard edge, in so many other ways this man lacked any innocence at all.

It was a heady mixture that made Adam feel like he was part of something bigger than himself - part of this exploration. And that resonated with him. He knew what it was to learn

things about yourself, to evolve, become. He knew what it was to explore yourself and let others explore you too and know yourself better from both.

He wanted that for Markus. He wanted to be that and be part of it.

And he wanted Markus to keep fucking him hard and deep.

“Fuck, fuck…” the words were pushed out of Adam on each thrust. “So. Good. Daddy.”

Markus let out a low moan. It sounded so desperate, so needy. Adam splayed himself more in response, trying to open himself completely to receive everything Markus wanted to give him.

And within moments he was so fucking close! Markus kept pumping and pumping, so deep that he was buried to the hilt every other thrust - his crotch slammed against Adam’s throbbing cock. The sensation was fantastic, like having his dick slapped - and much like that, it was going to make him come.

Adam started to go lax, relaxing into the sensation. Letting Markus use him.

Which Markus apparently liked, as he let out a guttural moan and then slammed in even harder.

*

Markus pushed Adam’s legs up, practically folding him in half as he pressed deeper, bottoming out completely. He’d been hilted with pretty much every other thrust, but he wanted to get deeper. Wanted to let himself go.

“Fuck, daddy. That’s so good. Give it to me. I can take it. Fuck me…” Adam babbled, his chest heaving in a way that made Markus feel so good. Like his actions were affecting someone for the first time in a long time. He hadn’t realised how helpless he’d been feeling, how much he needed to feel like he was back in control again.

He surged forward, taking Adam’s mouth in a hungry kiss as he started to move his hips with renewed purpose. Thigh muscles strong from years of training powered him forward as he slammed into Adam - catching Adam’s cries with his mouth.

He pulled back, almost all the way out, and then did it again - plunging in so hard and fast that their flesh came together in an resounding*thwack*.

When Adam cried out this time, it broke their kiss and so he pulled back, watching Adam’s blissed out expression as he did it again over and over, pulling out to the tip and then pounding back into him - flesh slapping together in a loud, wet echo as he drove himself as deep into Adam as it was possible to go.

“I think you’re going to… to… I think you’re going to… fuck through my cervix,” Adam panted the words, chuckling as he did so. Markus wasn’t sure if it was the thought of such deep penetration or the way Adam absolutely loved it, that made his cock throb with want.

“Can I be… wanna be rough…” Markus practically growled the words and wanted to melt when Adam let out a pleasured moan in response.

“Yes daddy, please…”

The permission made him tremble, and it took a moment for him to collect himself before resuming his punishing rhythm.

“Hands… above your head…” he grunted, and immediately Adam’s hands left his back and crossed above his head.

Markus could barely catch his breath, he was so turned on by the sight.

He manoeuvred himself until both his hands wrapped around Adam’s wrists, holding him down as he fucked into him.

Adam went even more pliant than he had been, practically melting into the couch below them as he let himself be fucked.

This is what he needed, Markus knew. After all these years of wondering, and the few years since Emma had passed. He had needed to know if he could be like this with someone and they could like it. Could want it.

“Gonna come in you,” he growled next to Adam’s ear, enjoying the whimper it drew from the young man.

Fuck, he wished he was bare. He really wanted to see his come leak back out once this was done. Maybe another time. Maybe next time. Maybe there could be a next time.

“Yes, yes…” Adam panted. “Come inside me, daddy!” it would have been a cry if Adam had any breath left in him.

“Fuck!” Markus growled as he felt his balls draw up tight, his cock throb. He slammed himself inside Adam as far as he could go, this time drawing back only slightly, enough to rabbit into him over and over as his climax swelled.

And then Adam was coming. He cried out and tensed, his whole body rigid and then loose, all except for his hole that clenched around Markus and milked him as he came hard and suddenly.

His whole body shook, tremors running through every muscle. Each nerve ending sparking. He had never come so hard in his life. Never had it feel this way, as his hands tightened around Adam’s wrists, enough to bruise. As Adam whimpered, Markus continued to come, until he was unable to hold himself over Adam and so he collapsed onto him, still hard inside him.

*

Markus wasn’t sure how they both fit on the couch. Not quite side by side, not enough room for that, Markus was sprawled over Adam with his head on Adam’s shoulder.

They'd caught their breaths. Both had stopped trembling, but there was definitely a sense of something in the air. A feeling that neither wanted to break. One that made Markus not want to move.

It was a comfortable silence for so long that Markus began to nod off, awoken by Adam speaking as he ran a gentle hand over Markus' buzzcut.

"Did you swipe on me because I'm trans? Thinking I'd be a good, I don't know, an in-between option. A man with a pussy?" Adam asked, no accusation in his tone, only curiosity.

Markus frowned. He hadn't thought that, but on reflection could understand why Adam might think so. He cleared his throat and told the truth, "No. I didn't make any assumptions. I… I've heard about how things work. Surgery. For all I knew, you had… something. Some sort of… penis." He took a breath, "I want to say it was because I found you attractive - which I did! I do… But it was… it was the daddy thing. I'm not a great dad. I've not been a great father, but I'm trying. And I wanted to be good at somethi--"

Adam moved quickly and stopped his mouth with a kiss.

Markus wished he could get hard again, but despite his throbbing, it was too soon. And so he relaxed into the kiss. Something he'd not done for years either. Over time with Emma, kissing had become part of foreplay. Kissing just for the sake of it felt good, as did Adam's body next to his.

When Adam pulled back, Markus asked, "What was that for?"

"Sometimes daddies need taking care of too."

Markus found himself smiling despite the lump in his throat. Adam was right, he knew, if only he gave himself permission to be cared for.

Adam went back to running a hand over his hair, holding him close, against his chest. And Markus felt for the first time in a long time, what it was to feel wanted.

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